Unreal

Go Betty Go

It's you I wanna hear
Nothing more to please my ears
Our moments go back in time
As I sit here watching TV
So please just come home straight to meTell me that you'll be okay
I'll fight my tears while I must wait
Just come to me and I'll hold you tight
Close your eyes and imagine, imagine the good timesNothing is real
Nothing is realTwo weeks have passed in all
your cell phone still rings when I call
I imagine that you'll be fine
Reassuring myself all the time
While this feeling of grief leaves me blindTell me that you'll be okay
I'll fight my tears while I must wait
Just come to me and I'll hold you tight
Close your eyes and imagine, imagine the good timesNothing is real
Nothing is real

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